

IN A SHIP'S STEERAGE.

ACROSS THE OCEAN ON A SECOND-CLASS TICKET.

Experience of a Passenger Who Tried It from Curiosity—Huddled Like Cattle—Emigrants Roughly Treated—Said-Lights on a Dark Subject.



HAVE spent twelve days in the steerage of an emigrant ship, and I am still alive. The steerage of an emigrant vessel—even though it be on an Atlantic liner—is a by no means palatial abode, and the consorting together of comparative strangers for days in a confined space must be productive of both humor and pathos.

Therefore, I determined to make my return trip to America, after five weeks' holiday in Europe, a means of observation and profit—I cannot now say, pleasure.

Consigning my baggage to the care of a friend who traveled by the saloon, I content myself with the roughest suit of clothes I can find, and armed with a huge bundle, consisting of a mattress, a heavy rug, a brush and comb, towel and soap, tin cup, two tin plates, and knife, fork and spoon, I embark upon the tender at Prince's Landing, Liverpool, England, and amidst an uncomfortable crowd of people and baggage, I find myself on my way to "the ship that takes me over."

At last we reach her, and I mount to the upper deck, having my bundle thrown up after me in a very unceremonious manner.

I already begin to realize that I am not feeling very happy—I grasp my bundle and look around. "Down stairs," says a gruff voice, and another unceremonious shove brings me opposite a rickety-looking ladder, down which I have to climb. My incumbrance causes me rather to fall than walk down, and when I reach the lower deck, I sit on the bundle and sigh.

I haven't been sitting there a minute before I get another ungentle shove, and a gruff voice exclaims, "Down stairs!"

"What?" I gasp, "more down?"

Then I look down a large opening into what I thought was the hold for cargo or cattle, and I see more rickety ladders with iron guides, and I almost weep as I lead on the first step and roll down the rest.

"Is this the steerage?" I ask.

"Yes, get your bunk," is the reply.

"Get your bunk?" I murmur, plaintively; "but where am I to get it?"



THE STEERAGE BUNK.

"Over there," I am told, and as the information is accompanied by no further direction, I prefer the request:

"Won't you please show me where it is?"

"Over there, I told yer!" yells the gentleman in brass buttons, and he shoves me toward a narrow doorway.

I begin to wonder whether this shoving is customary all through the voyage. Alas! I speedily find out that it is a very general practice.

However, I go through the door, and, after many struggles, manage to squeeze my bundle through the aperture, and there I see two long rows, on each side, of what appear to me to be shelves. A young fellow in shirt sleeves is arranging something on one of the shelves, and I timidly venture to ask:

"Which is my bunk, please?"

"Any bloody one yer like," he says; "just come, fust served." Then seeing me perplexed, he kindly adds, "Yere, shove yer things up yere next to mine," and he lifts my bundle and throws it on to one of the top shelves.

Then the horrible truth dawns upon me. This is to be my bed-room, that my bunk, and the slight partitions, two inches high, are all that will separate dozens of us during our forthcoming slumbers.

We're off! Shortly we have our first meal—bread, butter and tea. That is, such names apply to similar-looking articles on shore, but the present commodities look suspicious, and as I fortified myself with a powerful meal before I embarked I refuse the allurements of this repast, and content myself with looking around, and studying my fellow-emigrants.

We number in all—I am speaking only of the steerage—three hundred and twenty-six persons, two hundred and six of these being males and the remainder women and children. Our nationalities comprise Germans, Norwegians, Swedes, Russians, Poles, Polish Jews, Poles, Russian Jews (in families of three and four, and amounting to about fifty in all), about ten Britishers, fully fifty Irishmen and friskome colleens, one Scotchman, one colored man, and one American (my unfortunate self).

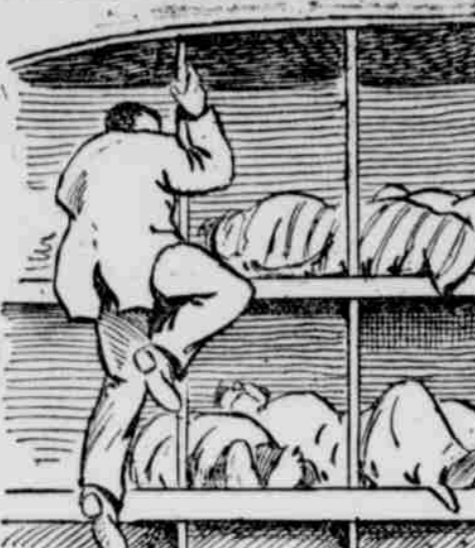
The elaborate tea being over, my fellow voyagers troop up onto the upper deck, look around as if they felt lost, then sit or lie about the deck (steerage passengers have no forms or benches to sit upon). The men smoke their pipes and the women look sad, as if they were wondering how long it would be before they were seasick. But the women haven't much time to en or the fresh air to-night, for punctually at dusk down stairs they must go and keep steadily and solely to the quarters provided for single women and married couples.

I determine to retire, so I wind my way down the ladder into the apartment largely labeled, "Single Men."

Here a new difficulty presents itself. I have been so accustomed to hotel rooms with numbered doors that I have neglected to note that here are only doorways, and there are many of them, and they are all alike, what shall I do? I don't ask again "which is my bunk?" I sadly remember the last reply I received to that question. The only thing I can do is to explore them all.

I am standing in a long corridor-like place which runs from fore to aft midships. There is very little room to move, for all possible vacant space is occupied by long, bare, rough pine slabs down the center, which serve as tables, with some narrower slabs either side of them for seating accommodation.

All around me are what appear to be innumerable canvas shades, seven feet wide, two covering the space between roof and floor. At intervals between these shades are seven doorways, each representing the entrance to a compartment, and each compartment containing a double tier of bunks on either side.



THE STEERAGE BUNKS.

With a three-foot passage down the center. These seven compartments are arranged to hold two hundred and twenty human beings—one hundred and fourteen on the starboard—but only one hundred and eight on the port side, the remaining space here being occupied by the steerage stewards.

I grope my way into the center compartment on the port side. Already sonorous music has begun, and I wonder if I shall have to endure these sounds night after night. Luckily my bunk isn't there. I try the next and believe that I have found my domicile at last.

I start to climb up to an apparently empty bunk, and am quickly lifted by a concealed foot over onto the other side. This isn't pleasant. I scramble down and out and determine not to stay there even if I have the right.

I try a third, and this time success rewards me. I start to undress, and wonder where I shall hang my clothes. No nails, no hooks, no space for anything but my aching form. I am compelled to double up my coat and vest and use them as a pillow, keeping on the rest of my clothes until I have time to watch how the others manage. Oh, for a soft board in a precinct cell in preference to this!

I toss about in agony, and so tire myself by turnings and twistings that I am almost dozing when two hilarious beings enter shouting a London comic song with a refrain of "Hi-tiddley-hi-ti! I'm all right!"

I venture to disagree with their opinions of themselves, and come very near getting my head punched, but luckily one of the enthusiasts is my neighbor, Louis. He pacifies matters by crawling all over me, and goes off to sleep after telling his life history to himself in a maddening tone. Then I do manage to indulge in a few fitful slumbers, and gladly arise at 6 o'clock to prepare for breakfast.

Armed with my soap and towel I mount the ladder, walk about thirty yards, and join five others who are washing at an iron tank filled with water from taps. Perfect ablution is out of the question. I am crowded away the moment I touch the water, and the bell rings for breakfast before I am properly dry.

Our Sunday breakfast consists of bread, butter, and coffee. The bread and butter (same old axle-grease) is in tins on the table, the coffee, ready milked (condensed milk and water, with a preponderance of the latter) and sugared, is brought round by the stewards in spouted cans and poured into our tin mugs as we hold them out. Here, again, it is a case of shove, and if you don't shove forward pretty hard you are liable to get left.

At 12:30 we are rung to our Sunday dinner. This consists of soup, boiled beef (from which the previous soup has evidently been made, for there is not the



DINNER IN THE STEERAGE.

slightest nutriment in the meat, potatoes in their jackets, and plum (?) pudding. Here again it is manifest that quantity gives full place to quality. It is also evident that we must scramble for our food.

The soup is in large tins placed on the floor, with a ladle for self-help. The beef is brought round in another tin from which the steward extracts it, partly with a fork and partly with his fingers. The potatoes arrive in another big tin. Each grabs as many as he feels like, and when one is satisfied he throws a few along the corridor to his friends.

This may appear clever base-ball practice, but it is hardly in accordance with the etiquette of a meal table. But methods and not manners rule the steerage. They are herded like beasts and they act as such.

On Monday we have porridge for breakfast in addition to the coffee, etc. I have been wondering all along who cleaned our cups and plates, I—poor innocent—imagined that it was done by the stewards. Not a bit of it. Louis has been quietly doing mine, but this morning Louis is still slumbering, and I learn that every emigrant washes his own dishes, going to the cook's galley for warm water for that purpose. An-

other bit of ignominy for me, but I have to take it in with the rest.

Every morning after breakfast all steerage passengers must get upon deck while the doctor makes an inspection of the compartments.

A self-opinionated little fellow in this doctor, who seems to imagine that he is placed there for no other purpose than to keep his mustache in order and full view. I ask him for some cod-liver oil.

"Why don't you bring your own cod-liver oil?" he replies.

I venture to suggest that I don't keep a drug store.

"Neither do I. Passengers bring their own."

Ah! Alas! I am a "passenger" at my rate. I had begun to think I was only a thing.

Later on I remarked that a sodite powder would be useful, at which intimation he slammed the door in my face.

I find that the matron of the steerage



WASHING DISHES.

daily gives the doctor a tongue-lashing, and that everybody on board hates him. However, after dinner to-day he has a chance to show his brutality.

We are all mustered down stairs, and those who are vaccinated receive tickets, "VACCINATED. RETAIN THIS."

Those who are not vaccinated have to pass under this brutal scalpel's hands. He just gives them a dig or two roughly with the knife, and shoves them on to make way for the next.

Our dinner to-day consists of soup, corned beef, and potatoes. This is the menu for Monday, Thursday and Saturday, while soup, salt cod and potatoes serve for Tuesday and Friday. Wednesday has a specialty to itself in soup, hot boiled beef and potatoes. All very thriving, if it were not thrown at us.

Every afternoon the women bring out their own tea and go to the galley for



THOUGHTFUL.

hot water in their tea-pots. Then they have a feast, after which they sit inside just over the engine boilers and warm themselves and dry their clothes at the same time.

I get a great idea of the Englishman's ignorance of mixed drinks when I go to the bartender for a brandy and soda. I astonish him by asking for a piece of ice in it. He silently accedes, and I walk away to quaff.

Half an hour afterward I return and call for another B. and S. He fills up the glass and I again ask him for ice. He stares at me and says:

"Why, where is the piece of ice you had just now?"

Things run very much the same on our second Sunday night, when the bar being closed for a very long time, the whole gang of Irishmen assemble in



DRINKING.

front of it, and form themselves into a Come-all-ye choir. The tunes are very quaint, but the verses seem interminable, and the vigor of the vocalists rather repels than attracts.

By and by the Scandinavians seize the opportunity of a lull and start their quaint, but still more unmusical ditties—that is, the rendition is unmusical because it embraces too many contrary keys. Then the Irish get renewed energy and start again. But the Scandinavians won't give in, so the result is general pandemonium—and no bar.

But when all have tired themselves out and dwindled away, the artful Louis quietly creeps up to the bar window and taps it. It is opened, and Louis says, with a tearful innocence:

"I didn't sing a note!"

He gets a drink.

On Tuesday I retire sullenly, for we are due in New York. Wednesday, I feel more and more homesick as the day passes by and no fire is in sight. At last we sight the lighthouse, and I can't be p falling on my knees.

When we reach Sandy Hook I almost dance with joy. But when we arrive at quarantine, after sundown, and find we have to anchor there all night, within the mocking sight of Liberty Statue and the lights of Brooklyn bridge, I sink

sullenly into despair again. So near and yet so far.

No chance to sleep that night. Nobody tries to. The men roar, yell and jump with their excitement at being within sight of the promised land. The women answer with shrieks and screams of laughter and snatches of song.

At 2 o'clock the donkey-engine goes bang! bang! bang! drawing up the baggage from the hold. At 6 o'clock we go forward on deck and are inspected by the Health Officer, and at 9 o'clock we reach the desired haven, pass through the necessary formalities, and my pilgrimage career as an emigrant is over.

HARRIS HARRINGTON.

Cowardice of Crowds.

The Spectator has a paper called "The Cowardice of Crowds." The writer is deeply impressed with the very strange story of the poor woman who had a lamp thrown at her, and was burned to death, while a little crowd of people looked on and did nothing, writes Walter Deane. One poor woman alone attempted to put out the flames. It is a horrible story, but I should not have made it the peg for a paper on cowardice, because I think that cowardice had nothing whatever to do with it. Why cowardice? There was no courage wanted to tear off your coat and wrap it around the burning drapery of the unfortunate woman.

Presence of mind was lacking, if you please, but not courage. Presence of mind, which means readiness to act for the best on a sudden emergency, will prove to be wanting more and more as we depart more and more from the primitive conditions of man, which is one of being always hunted for food by wild beasts, always hunting for food, and always fighting. In that condition man is full of resource, contrives a thousand stratagems, and meets a thousand dangers. Remove from him the habit of hunting and the necessity of fighting. Make his life assured and easy, and he will infallibly lose the readiness and the resource.

In other words, the presence of mind of the savage. This, in fact, we have done. In moments of unusual, unexpected dangers, we are paralyzed. This is my reading of the conduct of the crowd which looked on while a woman's clothes flamed up and burned her to death.

Key Aaron Burr.

Aaron Burr was, by nature and training, a man of extraordinary self-control. He allowed no circumstance to throw him off his balance. An anecdote told by Rufus Choate to the late Richard H. Dana, recorded in Mr. Dana's "Diary," illustrates the moral callousness which aided Burr's greatly in controlling himself. Several years after the death of Hamilton—killed by Burr in a duel—Burr visited Boston, and Mr. Devereux of Salem paid him some attentions. The visitor was taken to the Boston Athenaeum, where, while the two men were walking through a gallery of sculpture, Mr. Devereux happened to catch sight of a bust of Hamilton.

The thought flashed across his mind that Burr might not care to be confronted with the sight of the features of the man he had slain. But no, Burr was undisturbed. He also espied the bust, and although Mr. Devereux instinctively turned away, he walked up to it and said in a loud tone: "Ah, here is Hamilton!" Then passing his fingers along certain lines of the face, he added: "There was the poetry!" Hamilton's contemporaries gave him credit for possessing a poetic mind, though his writings betray no trace of poetry, but, on the contrary, are as intellectual as Euclid.—Atlanta Constitution.

How Lightning Makes Glass.

When a bolt of lightning strikes a bed of sand it plunges downward into the sand for a distance less or greater, transferring simultaneously into glass the silica in the material through which it passes. Thus, by its great heat, it forms at once a glass tube of precisely its own size. Now, and then such a tube, known as a fulgurite, is found and dug up. Fulgurites have been followed into the sand by excavation for nearly thirty feet; they vary in size of a quill to three inches or more, according to the force of the flash. But fulgurites are not alone produced in sand; they are found in solid rock, though very naturally of slight depth and frequently existing merely as a thin, glassy coating on the surface. Such fulgurites occur in astonishing abundance on the summit of little Ararat in Armenia. The rock is soft and so porous that blocks a foot long can be obtained, perforated in all directions by little tubes filled with bottle-green glass formed from the fused rock.

His Own Funeral.

Capt. Ben Wakefield, of Biddeford, who lost his life Monday, once attended his own funeral, being one of the few men who have had that privilege, says the Bangor (Me.) Commercial. He had gone on a fishing trip down on the Grand Banks and had been away from home a good while without his family hearing from him. The same season had proved very disastrous to a number of other fishermen who went out from thereabouts, and the vessel Capt. Ben was in had her share of hard luck, and the report reached home that she, with her crew, was lost. Time passed and Capt. Ben did not return, until at last his family gave up all hope that he had been saved and a day was set for the memorial services. The services were held in the church at Cape Porpoise. The minister had offered prayer for the absent fisherman who was supposed to have found his grave in the sea, and was just beginning his sermon when Capt. Ben walked into the church.

Playing on the Ruins.

"These firemen must be a frivolous set," said Mr. Spillkins, who was reading a paper.

"Why so?"

"I read in the paper that after a fire was under control the firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go home and go to bed like sensible men, instead of romping about like children?"—Texas Siftings.

Consistency is a jewel and is generally worn, as other jewels are, for vain show.

WHERE SIR GORDON LIVES.

How Cumming and His American Bride Passed Their Honeymoon.

The notorious baccarat scandal, which lately set all the world agog and shook the greatest throne of modern times to its foundation, has thrown a glamour of romantic interest about the belongings of the principal actor in the scene, the unfortunate Sir William Gordon-Cumming.

The accompanying cuts give an excellent idea of the appearance of two of the gentleman's favorite haunts—Allyre, at Forres, in the north of Scotland, and Wollaton Hall, Lord Middleton's seat in Nottingham. Allyre is a fine old mansion, about which center many memories of times long gone by.

"How far is it called to Forres?" inquired Banquo of Macbeth, and the query of the original of the famous ghost has been repeated, with variations and additions, many times since the skeleton has been discovered in the closet of the popular baronet. The town of Forres is on the highway

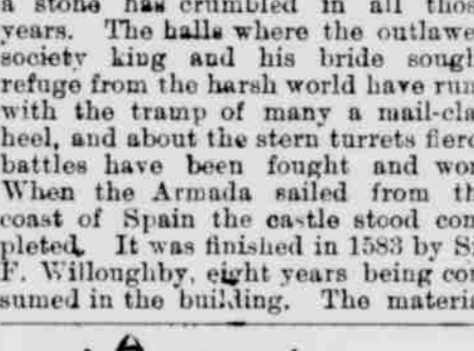


WOLLATON HALL.

to the Inverness, and is very popular among tourists. The principal objects of interest are a Nelson monument, erected on the summit of the Clenny hill, an elevation to the east of the town, a hydropathic establishment, and a massive perpendicular stone bearing curious prehistoric hieroglyphics.

When Sir William and his American bride arrived at Forres they were received by several thousand persons, who extended a hearty welcome. The council, the provost and the town band aided in the festivities, and the occasion went far to heal the wounded feelings of the baronet. Lady Middleton, sister of the groom, and who eighteen years ago was wedded at Allyre, accompanied the bridal party and added to the eclat with which Sir William and his party were welcomed.

Wollaton Hall, where Sir William and Lady Gordon-Cumming spent the first days of their honeymoon, is one of the most perfect specimens of Elizabethan domestic architecture in Great Britain. For more than three centuries the old castle bearded the storms which have swept across the islands, and scarcely a stone has crumbled in all those years. The halls where the outlawed society king and his bride sought refuge from the harsh world have rung with the tramp of many a mail-clad heel, and about the stern turrets fierce battles have been fought and won. When the Armada sailed from the coast of Spain the castle stood complete. It was finished in 1583 by Sir F. Willoughby, eight years being consumed in the building. The material



WOLLATON HALL.

is Ancaster stone, brought from Lincolnshire on pack-horses, and exchanged for coal found on the estate. During the reform riots of 1831 the house was threatened with the fate of Nottingham Castle, but the brave yeomen who went to the rescue drove back the advancing mob and saved the gray walls from destruction. The park, comprising 750 acres of undulating, beautifully wooded land, is on the edge of Nottingham. A beautiful winding avenue of lofty limes leads from the great gates to the hall, and here the troths of nine generations of lords and ladies have been plighted.

Surrounding the park is a massive brick wall, which excludes the interior from the vulgar gaze, and on which, tradition says, one man spent the entire period of his apprenticeship.

Blasting Paper.

The preparation of paper so that it may be used as a blasting material for tearing down ledges, blowing up buildings, or even firing canisters, is described as follows by a writer in the Paper Trade Journal: Almost any good unglazed paper can be made into an explosive compound by coating it with a hot mixture of yellow prussiate of potash and charcoal. Take each of these, 17 parts; mix with refined salt-petre, 35 parts; chloride of potassium, 70 parts; wheat starch, 10 parts; and water, 1,500 parts. The ingredients must be dissolved until they form a clear solution in the water. Dip the paper and soak it in the solution until it is thoroughly wet. It then may be dried, rolled into cartridges and fired in the ordinary manner, either with a fuse or with detonating caps similar to those used in firing cannon or dynamite when used in blasting ledges.

Blasting paper is especially useful in operating the gunpowder pile driver, as several thicknesses of the explosive paper may be placed on top of the timber together with an explosive cap and fired by impact of the ram as it falls from the previous stroke. Cartridges of this paper may be rolled to any desired size, and are very handy when blasting a wheel pit or flume, as the cartridge can be made of exactly the size to fill the drill hole.

Startling Prescription.

"These symptoms would soon leave you," said the physician, "if you would get up early in the morning, put on a pair of stout walking shoes, and go out for a tramp."

"Go out for a tramp!" echoed the astonished lady. "Why, doctor, there's a dozen of the creatures at my kitchen door every day in the year!"

HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day.

Quite in Her Line. Mrs. Dresser—Why, John, why do you go on about eating salad? I'm sure the bones don't annoy me at all. Mr. Dresser—Of course they don't! You never feel so much at home as when you have your mouth full of pins.

A Sad Condition. First Bank President—Did you see about the president of the Ninth National? No sooner was he dead than they discovered that he had defaulted to the amount of \$400,000.

Second Bank President—Yes, I saw it. It is getting so a bank president can't die with any safety.

Light on a Misty Legend. Customer—What do you mean, sir, by saying that you are selling at cost? I've been in this business myself, and I know your prices are up a 100 per cent.

Isenstern—Well, we are selling at cost—what it cost the customer.

Ambiguities. Clerk (to patent medicine man)—Here is a curious credential from one of our customers.

Medicine Man—Read it.

Clerk—"Before I took your Elixir my face was a sight. You ought to see it now. Send me another bottle for my mother-in-law."—Brooklyn Life.

Idiosyncrasy's Longevity.

"Yo' pashur' hab ter' nounce, ter dis congeration dat on de forfcomin' Chuseday ebenin' Perfeather Nozzel-terster will gib a dizzypertation on char'cter as reflected in de art ob snorin', an' fo de puppus er makin' de 'casion full er marrier ter de presen' company he will erply de funnygraf ter de nasal factelities er sutton ega-perts in dis fol', an' afterwards, in de course ob de lectur, tu'n de crank an' let de perfereshual snorers er dis chuch hear fo' dars'fs de sorter music dey s'pliss deir broddern wid endurin' de sarmons. Elder Yawp, Deacon Buzzblue, Brudder Bumble an' Sister Treedee am speshially questered ter bring dair double-barreled trombones wid em on dis ercasion, an' low de perferesh ter can a few er dair bes' nasal obligatories fo' compar'son wid de works er some udder sheff-dovers in dis lina."—Boston Courier.

A Bad Precedent.

Mrs. Motherhood—Why is it I have such a time finding a nurse-girl for my children?

Employment Agent—Well, you see, mum, some time ago a lady had a baby die, and she thought so much of that baby that after it was dead she kept the baby's nurse right along at the old wages, with nothing to do but walk in park, pretending she's got the baby with her. Since then I can't get a nurse-girl to go into a family where the baby looks healthy.—New York Weekly.

Morning Symptom.

Mr. and Mrs. Billus were on their way home from an evening call.

"John," inquired Mrs. Billus anxiously, "are you sick?"

"No," he answered. "Why?"

"Because you haven't said anything about my doing all the talking at Mrs. Chugwater's and making a blamed fool of myself in my usual way."

He Queried Them Long Enough.

Postmaster—So you would like a position as letter carrier. Have you ever had any experience?

Applicant—Yes, sir; my wife has always given me all her letters to post. You might ask her.

Three Propositions.

"What do you think of this baccarat scandal?" asked Shingias.

"Baccarat," replied Dukanes, "you mean baccarat, don't you?"

"Is that the way to pronounce it?"

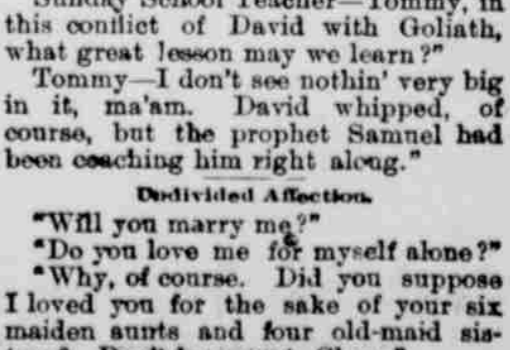
"Of course! I'll leave it to Dinwiddie."

"All right! Dinwiddie, how do you pronounce this game that the Prince of Wales and Sir William Gordon-Cumming played at Tranby Croft?"

"I pronounce it bad, sir; very bad—tough, in fact."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Relaxation.

First Boston belle—I like to talk with a New York man.



First Boston belle—I like to talk with a New York man.

Second B. B.—Why?

First B. B.—Oh, because you can say anything you like, you know, and he won't understand.—Life.

Didn't Strike Him as Unusual.

Sunday School Teacher—Tommy, in this conflict of David with Goliath, what great lesson may we learn?

Tommy—I don't see nothin' very big in it, ma'am. David whipped, of course, but the prophet Samuel had been coaching him right along.

Divided Affection.